

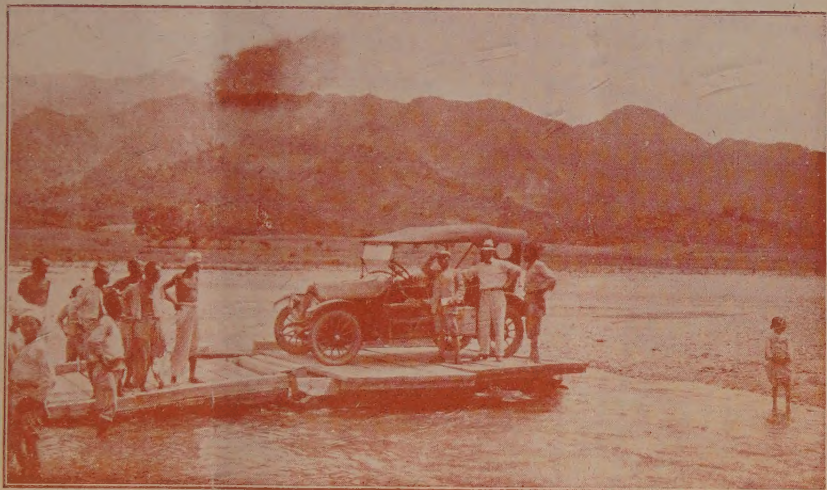
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THE KOREA MISSION FIELD



IMPROVISING A BRIDGE. SEE PAGE 276.



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THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

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NO. II.

EDITORIAL.

PROVIDENTIAL FORE-RUNNERS.

Times of Refreshing last winter in the city of Pyeng Yang led one of the Seoul missionary workers therein, Rev. R. J. Moose, to urge that an evangelistic effort be made in behalf of Seoul, the capital city of Korea, with a population of 300,000. A committee of Koreans and missionaries was appointed to consider and, if feasible, arrange for the same. A union prayer-meeting was appointed in the spring to be held monthly. With September, daily prayer-meetings and group meetings for prayer were appointed all over the city.

In addition to these ordinary and expected preparatory efforts Providence has sent to us Fore-runners who have effectually aided in preparing the way of the Lord.

I.

Dr. Fred Fisher, who for three years served as a missionary in India and later as a promoter of the Laymen's Missionary Movement in the United States, on the 26th of August preached in Seoul a very heartening sermon showing some of the wide open doors in India which are irresistibly attracting him thither again.

Upon the cloud named in I Kings 18:44 Dr. Fisher appended five fingers which we indicate.

(1) A sense of national consciousness being born in India. There are still seven hundred kings or princes in India, almost independent, besides the British government, but they are beginning to see eye to eye; to realize that if anything worth while is done it must be with a common purpose,—together. This was indicated by India's sympathy with the cause of the Allies shown in the bestowal of rich gifts and in the dispatching of fighting contingents to France.

(2) The death knell of caste has been sounded. This age-old system of iron fetters forged to keep men apart is being smashed; not from without but by leading princes within who, going out of their way to violate caste, are thus taking their place beside outcasts, which suggests the Emperor Constantine's "in hoc vinces," early in the fourth century when he took his place beside the persecuted Christians.

(3) Woman in India is coming to her own. The ancient and almost down to date maxim, was this "As a serpent changes milk to poison so kindness done a woman is changed by her to poison, there-

fore keep woman down and under as you value your life!" Now, colleges are being established for women by her own people.

(4) The laborers, outcasts of India, are on strike because school privileges are not accorded to their children.

(5) Christian Mass Movement is on. Of the 300,000,000 people of India nine-tenths live in villages. These villages are so numerous that if Jesus Christ had continued to live on the Earth until now and had visited one village daily, even now, after nearly two thousand years, He would be far from having completed the circuit! There is a head man in every Indian village whose business in the evening is to rehearse in the ears of his villagers, none of whom can read, the traditions of their fore-fathers. Recently very many of these village leaders have been converted to Christ and for traditions have substituted "the Gospel of the blessed God" which they are preaching to those under them. The result is "The Mass Movement" in which hundreds of thousands of the masses are pressing forward to be baptized most of whom must be put off for lack of instructors who shall teach them "the first principles of the Gospel of Christ.

II.

On the 15th of September the world-famed Bird-man, Art Smith, performed at Seoul in the presence, it was estimated, of fifty thousand people. The start and the finish of his seventeen minutes' flight were of great interest but his careering amid and above the clouds at a height of four thousand feet, darting, careening, plunging, tumbling sidewise over and over, looping the loop, etc., etc. defies adequate description; the multitude was held spell-bound and on his alighting applauded him to the echo.

Twenty thousand specially prepared tracts were distributed to this multitude and on Sunday, the day following, the Airman attended and addressed three large assemblages in Seoul declaring himself a Christian and explaining how he became such. Affirming that "flying" required steadiness of nerve which was enhanced by abstinence from tobacco, strong drink and other follies in which young men indulged, from which he kept himself. Nerves also were steadied and reinforced by prayer. Every flight of his was preceded by prayer and when in special peril aloft, he prayed and was also steadied by the fact that while he flew, his mother watched and prayed. The nail thus driven for truth was clinched, and in a sure place, by Mr. Smith's refusal of three times as much money as that paid him for his flights in Seoul on Saturday if he would repeat them on Sunday. This sum refused was probably \$8,000.00 in gold.

III.

Our third forerunner was Rev. John Paul, D.D. Vice-President of Asbury College, Kentucky, who had been invited to the Orient by Rev. Barclay Buxton, who has an independent mission in Kobe, which stands

for better things. Five days only could be spared to Seoul, Korea, Sept. 26th to 30th, inclusive, Koreans being addressed twice thro an interpreter, and English speaking hearers once each day.

The message was that the souls of believers may be made perfect in holiness now, instead of at death, as is commonly taught, and the speaker showed himself sane, and scriptural. He made Scripture words and phrases the warrant for his contention; holiness, sanctification, perfect love, fullness of blessing etc., etc. and declared that the God of the Bible never commands anything without offering enabling grace to comply. We all desperately need holiness on our own account, perhaps more on the world's account, multitudes of which are perishing because of the need-less meagreness of our Gospel ministered, all of which poverty is unnecessary because of God the promise "My God shall supply all your need through His riches in Christ Jesus."

Dr. Paul was more intellectual than most advocates of Holiness whom it has been our privilege to hear. God needs *witnesses* for His truth. A witness is one who testifies to what he has seen and therefor knows, at first hand,—in other words has experienced. God is great and to testify worthily a Christian must have had a great experience of God. God is sovereign. He has foreordained whatsoever comes to pass, among other things has foreordained laws. God's promises are all conditioned upon obedience to His requirements. If we obey God's law we enable Him to act in a gracious way, but if we slight the law we cause God to act in a different manner. Utter self-abandonment of a soul to God brings to that soul fullness of blessing. Sanctification was defined as such a fullness as anyone could be made capable of!

Again God needs intercessors. There are three kinds of prayer, (a) Prayer of general desire diffusive as to its objects; (b) Prayer of intense desire, which may have a wrong object; and (c) Prevailing prayer, which is God taught, God inspired and God imposed. Prevailing prayer requires the right kind of a prayer, and the right kind of a man, *i.e.* a righteous man; "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Surely this brother has left a blessing behind him which cannot but be helpful in the prosecution of the evangelistic campaign in the city of Seoul which opened October 8th, for which we solicit the prayers of our Christian readers.

We Go to Sorai Beach.

It came about thus. Ledyard, my boy of nine, and I, were quietly reminiscing on the good time we had enjoyed last summer at Wonsan Beach, on the east coast of Korea, and the prospect of a better outing, one week later, at Sorai Beath, when my second son aged six joined us. Quietly listening a moment he vociferated "Daddy, Ledyard is not to go with you this summer because he went with you to Wonsan last year and now it's my turn!" The vehement and rational eloquence of the lad's deliverance induced a three-cornered conference which evolved a compromise to the effect that both boys should accompany

me to Sorai Beach if mother were willing; for our judicial domestic slogan is, "What mother says goes, because mother knows."

The next day being very hot we ventured to broach the compromise to mother who surprised us by a ready assent. You see she was weary by reason of the heat, the teething baby and our welkin, especially the latter, and to remove the two older boys would be tantamount to the removal of our welkin's clapper a distance of two hundred miles from home, thus inducing rest through quiet. A few days later while we three boys were humming

"Fly quickly round ye wheels of time
And bring the welcome day,"

mother, who is a resolute woman, went down town. A resolute woman, by the way, is one whom Solomon styled "a virtuous woman" hard to find in his day, see Prov, 31. 10-31, with a few added excellencies of which Solomon never dreamed. Well, down town wife met a sister resolute woman, for there are several of them in Seoul, and something important always happens when two such come in contact: because of what now happened we will call the "sister" touched, Good Samaritan number i. Wife confided to G. S. No. 1 the scheme of shipping me and the two boys to Sorai Beach for three weeks, feeling, I suppose, the need of a brace to such a venture. To her astonishment G. S. 1 responded, "Why dont you let the two sisters (7 and 4 years old) accompany their father and the two brothers?" After a gasp or two wife responded, "Impossible! such an arrangement would weigh my husband down to the dead level of chronic weariness!" To this the "sister" promptly answered, "Nonsense, let the girls go too. I am going and am to live next door and I promise, thro watchful waiting, to discover and to extricate them from any wire or other entanglements if only you will let the girls go along!" My wife, doubly braced, hied home and forthwith ventured to broach the project to me. I promptly astonished her with the three words, "just the thing!" and so it was settled that we five, plus the amah, should depart next day for Sorai Beach.

Such a domestic exodus, "going over the top" at such short notice, entailed a scrimmage for accoutrements. Wife took command and the thing was done for we all, with our impedimenta, arrived next day at *Seidaimon* station with a margin of ten minutes to spare. Just before 2:40 p.m. we inquired where our train was and were told it was then departing from *Nandaimon* station; that it did *not* connect with *Seidaimon* at all; in other words we were left! This meant that we must wait a week for the next boat train or abandon the trip for a year! The look of dismay which settled on my wife's face suggested widowhood and I trembled while the children were ready to cry. Silence reigned for fifteen seconds mercifully broken by my wife's "what *shall* we do now?" showing that hope was not yet dead. We unexpectedly learned of a later train which would enable us to catch our steamer which good news brought us out of the woods into the open so that when the

train pulled out from the station wife not only waved us a cheerful adieu but beamed on us a smile as lovely as any I have seen since our wedding.

That a kind Providence was working in behalf of us children was again demonstrated in that a heavy shower occurred on our way to Chemulpo and the steamer, but clear shining with a gorgeous sunset and a cart for our luggage greeted us on emerging from the train so that we were speedily transferred to a sampan which would convey us to the famous steamer in the offing; a vessel noted for its littleless and its, "oh-my-ness!" But why did not the sampan start; 7 o'clock was very near! Alas! the boatmen were holding us up for four times the honest charge! G. S. 1 was present but our general linguistic weakness made us stick in the hole which held us. At this juncture a polyglot missionary came hasting into our sampan who quickly jollied the men down to hardpan and we were off. For this timely service and others later on, which seemed habitual with this man, we gladly decorate him Good Samaritan No. 2. As we neared the steamer in the gloaming she seemed to be weighing anchor, whereat G. S. 2 called to a 6 foot 2 inch missionary aboard (we have giants in this land these days,) "Put your foot over Dr. and hold her till we come!" Once aboard we were not lonesome, for the steamer, built to accommodate sixteen first and second class passengers together, was boarded by fifty to say nothing of the third class. The six berths in the one state room and the covered after-deck were resigned to the ladies; most Japanese descended into the second class "well," and the rest of us "shifted." Amah and the girls were in the "well" I and my two boys climbed onto the uncovered upper deck, where wrapping ourselves, including our heads, in blankets, to protect us from wind and cinders, we were soon fast asleep.

The morning broke into a most charming day with the steamer on an even keel and everybody happy. It was a miniature Alaskan trip day, enhanced by an Oriental glamour. About 4 p.m. we had entered the splendid bay facing Sorai Peninsula. Blue Island had been passed and yonder was Little Blue Island. The Captain had consented to land us at once instead of, as usual, carrying us to the port down the bay, thus saving us a day. And now the Sorai bluff, 70 feet high, is facing us. It appears like a mammoth fish a quarter of a mile long, the snout at the "point," and the cottages along the bluff answering to the fins while an evergreen grove served excellently for the tail. Now the crescent-shaped golden beach appears, a baby bay of Naples. Soon we descry people moving toward the fish's tail where lay the cove at which we were to disembark. Later the lead is continuously heaved until shallow water claims the anchor round which we swing till we are taken off in the sampan to the friends on shore who give us a welcome from which nothing is wanting except "mother and the baby."

AN AUTOMOBILE TRIP TO KANGKEI.

We missed the chief glory, for ours was not the first motor trip to Kangkei. However, we were the first to enter the city itself as our predecessor had been obliged to stop at the then uncompleted bridge outside the city. Moreover, ours is the greater credit, for they made the trip in one little day whereas we had so many hardships that it took us three whole days and the greater the difficulties overcome the more exciting the tale!

To put the whole thing in a nutshell, we came up in the rainy season. That is "nuf sed" for those who know how like a cloudburst the rain can come down at such a time, and how violent the little mountain streamlets can become in an hour or so. Not only was it the rainy season then, but it evidently had been so for some time, for one long bridge was already missing. This was the scene of our first engineering feat. We collected all the farmers within a radius of three miles to assist in carrying boards and planks. They are surely the best-hearted people in the world, willing to leave their occupations and turn out to help others, in rain or shine; I suspect, however, that their good-heartedness was somewhat adulterated by curiosity, nor is it any great trial to a Korean to leave his own work for something more interesting.

Finally, by much manœvering the car was gotten upon a platform in the middle of the river, then the planks in the rear were taken up and brought around to the front that the car might glide gracefully down them to the shallow water on the further side. Meanwhile the erstwhile occupants had enjoyed lunch on a shady bank and the journey was resumed in hope—until we came to the broad river in front of the large county-seat of Huichun. Here there was a ferry-boat which had not been built for autos and which could not be persuaded to adapt itself to an auto; as the boatmen said, "What shall we do if the boat is spoiled?" The manner of crossing finally decided upon was unique. There was a coffin factory nearby and twenty-four boards were secured from there. The piers of the former bridge were still standing; twelve boards were stretched from the shore to the first pier, and the other twelve were put between the first two piers. The car was then driven over the first lot of boards upon the second, then the first boards were taken up and put in front of the car, and so on by stages until the other side was reached. It put one in mind of the old problem, "If a man should fall back one step for every two steps he takes, how long would it take him to get there?" The answer in our case was three hours. It had been market day in town and the whole market had collected on the river bank to see the crossing. By this time it was night, but the strong electric lights on the front of the car lit up the scene.

That night was spent in a comfortable, but fearfully hot, Japanese inn. At dawn we looked out upon a more or less cheerful prospect of rain and mud. At once I began to fear that the road on the high passes would be slippery, but I need not have worried, for we were

destined not to reach the passes that day. In fact, we travelled only twenty-three miles from 8 a.m. until 11 p.m.

It was a day of mishaps. In the mountains were landslides; sharp pieces of rock had fallen down from the sheer mountain sides and had to be heaved out of the way to enable the car to pass. Shortly after 9:30 we struck a washout. The Japanese government has built the road very well and where creeks cross the road on their way to the river, they have put firm banks of stone, but the rainy season is "a force to conjure with." The creek in this particular place had become a raging torrent, had torn out the stones and was rapidly undermining its banks on either side. There was nothing to do but to wait for the rain to stop and the water to go down. As we stood and watched the rushing water in some dismay, it carried off a small tree in its path and the bank crumbled ever more. After some hours the Koreans with our assistance had constructed a bridge more or less rickety as to character. It was not quite finished when the rain which had been threatening for some time began to fall in torrents and we knew that it only needed a few more moments for the stream to rise again and carry our precious bridge away. So we made a dash for it; luckily a wire cable had been attached to the front of the car so that the Koreans could haul it up the opposite bank. We got across not a moment too soon for the water tumbled and foamed over the place where our bridge had been. By this time things were pretty wet and Mr. Hoffman was obliged to go into a nearby house, wring his clothes out and don them again that way.

The next obstacle was a landslide of soft, clinging, black mud with several trees upon its bosom. Five men, summoned from a distant house by a passing postman, came running with pick and shovel to our rescue. They took off the top of the slide, then pulled us over the rest, next, over two smaller slides, only to find another washout beyond. This we filled with large stones, we then bumped and lunged our way through.

But the end was not yet. As the shades of night were falling we were speeding along a straight road making for an inn at the foot of the big pass, when the car struck a stone and we shot for the ditch; the two side-wheels buried themselves in the soft dirt up to their axles and there we were stuck. Nor could the bull which was brought up pull us out backward; the big, black, noisy thing nearly scared the poor animal out of his hide, anyway. We finally had to fall back upon the faithful Koreans to pry us out with poles. Meanwhile, the children and I had gone into a Korean house and were so tired that we all went to sleep upon the hard floor, in spite of countless mosquitoes and other vermin. Soon, along came the auto; we dragged ourselves up from the floor and proceeded upon our way. We were pulled across a shallow river, and as the crowning mishap of the day, we missed the inn we were looking for, as it was hidden by pumpkin vines, and were obliged to go back after we had discovered our mistake. It was now 11 p.m. and the men had hardly eaten since morning. The children and I slept in the auto and the men in the house. We had the better part, for the vermin drove the others out in the middle of the night.

The morrow dawned bright and clear and after a hearty breakfast we felt like surmounting a few more difficulties. The scenery that day was beautiful; the road wound in and out among the mountains and sometimes right up to their tops, giving us thrills and endangering the lives of the cattle we met on the way. The largest pass of all is called the "Dog Pass" and was so named because the first dog to attempt to cross it found it so long that he starved on the way. There was no misfortune that day but a punctured tire and some various headaches and other aches resulting from the drenching of the day before.

About five o'clock we drove into Kangkei at full speed; at least we were coming in on "all four wheels" as one expressed it. The car was a great "sight-see" for the Koreans; they nearly ate it up and there was a continuous stream of them up to see it.

There are three things which we especially appreciate as the results of this trip,—the good nature of the driver Mr. J. H. Morris and his stick-to-it-ive-ness, both of which qualities combined, I believe, constitute the sporting spirit: the Overland car which came through these severe tests uninjured: and the good road which the Japanese government has built through this difficult mountainous country. They will doubtless build up and repair the ravages of the rain until the road is one of the best anywhere. And may we hope that other people will take our advice, which we mean to follow in the future, and not attempt the trip by auto in the rainy season. It has been proved elsewhere that the trip is entirely practicable at other times.

KATHERINE HOFFMAN.

TWO KOREAN BOYS AND THE SPIRITS.

Sung Yu Di and Sa Da Rie looked up at the high mountain that towered above their native village and with beating hearts consulted how they might climb to its summit. A high mountain in Korea is a fearful thing to boys, for tigers dwell among its mighty rocks, and spirits of all dispositions haunt its caves; but urged by the thought that mother might die if she lay upon the hot stone floor of the hut another day, raging with the fever that made her eyes look starey and unseeing, the two boys planned to save her by climbing to the top of Mooden San to dig the fever root which they had no money to buy.

With a tiny basket of boiled barley upon his back, and a small sickle hung upon a string that tied on his white cotton trousers, Sung Yu Di gave a last lingering look at the poor mother tossing in delirium, and tightened his fingers around his own throat to ease the pain of the great lump in it.

"Sa Da Rie, I would'nt take you with me, I'd leave you with mother, but when we reach the great rocks at the top of the mountain, if we are tied together we won't fall off. One of us can catch, though the other might slip. Pak Su Pang told me once he saw a man fall

from the rocks, with his head down and he went into the earth at the bottom so hard that they didn't ever find him." Little Sa Da Rie felt his knees tremble, but he only hitched up his trousers resolutely and shut his mouth tight. He did not want Sung Yu Di to know how frightened he was.

Following the noisy brook over the path they had travelled so many times to gather grass for the family fuel, they began the ascent of the mountain side. A few miles on, they passed a wayside inn. Sa Da Rie lingered a little behind. The smells of that open kitchen were very attractive to him. For months their kimchi crock had been empty, and white rice he had tasted only at wedding festivities months apart.

"Hurry up," called Sung Yu Di, "We've a long way to go, and the sun will be hot in a few hours."

Sa Da Rie gave a last longing look at the big bowls of rice and odorous kimchi, and turned to follow his brother. The path became steeper as it ascended, and the wayside objects less familiar. Where the road crossed the mountain stream over a high arching bridge, the boys sat down to rest.

"You look like a beggar boy, Sa Da Rie," said the older brother "I'm going to comb your hair as mother does."

"No you don't. You'll pull, and besides you haven't any comb."

"Yes I have," and he produced a wooden one from the pocket in his white jacket. "Now listen to what I'm going to tell you." The younger brother made a grimace, as the older brother smoothed the tangles from his black hair and braided it down his back. "Do you see that hill, just back of that point over there where I am throwing this stone? Our father's grave is there. Pak Su Bang took me to it once, because I'm the oldest when you were just a little baby. And he taught me to bow down like this, and to put bowls of food before the grave, for father's spirit to eat. I am going to take our barley over there now and sacrifice before father's grave, and pray that mother may be made well."

Sung Yu Di with the eyes of a religious zealot seized the basket and started for the distant hill.

"Oh, no, no," howled little Sa Da Rie throwing, himself face downward upon the ground, "I'm hungry, and that's our only food, and how would we get home without something to eat. Don't sacrifice our barley. We'll die."

"Stop making that big noise, Sa Da Rie, if the mountain spirits hear you, they will turn you into a tree toad and you will never stop screaming. You would deserve it too, for not honoring mother. Don't you want her to get well?"

"Yes I do" said the little boy sitting up and wiping his eyes upon the flap of his white jacket. "That's why I want to go up the mountain for medicine. Come on, Sung Yu Di."

The older boy looked over at the hill where his father's grave lay and then at the pleading face of his brother. Reluctantly he turned from the sight of the distant hills and said roughly, "Come on then, you

think more about your stomach than you do about worshipping the spirits, and some day they will do something awful to you."

Sa Da Rie felt his knees quake as he trudged behind his brother, and listened to this ominous prophecy; but he had a firmly fixed notion that one could better meet the machinations of malignant unseen forces if he stayed by his dinner.

Higher and higher over the uneven grade worn by sandalled feet the brothers climbed that day. Where the shining column of a water-fall was outlined by its lovely background of ferns and wet rocks, the road turned sharply to enter the gate of an ancient tile-roofed temple.

"Pak Su Bang says sick people come up to this water fall and if you stand under it, and let the force of the water come down upon you, for ever so long, you will get well. I wish we could bring mother up here" said the younger brother.

"That's a lie!" said Sung Yu Di, "water can't do you any good when you're sick. I am going through the gate into that old temple. There are five hundred idols in there and one big Buddha. I saw him once when I climbed the mountain for brush. He's a great big, gold Buddha, and his eyes follow you wherever you turn, and his first finger is raised at you in this way. After you have once looked good and hard into his eyes he never leaves you. He sits in your room nights, and it means something because his second finger is caught under his thumb. I'm going to see him now and pray to him for mother. I know a secret way over the rocks above the water-fall. The priests will never see me."

"Yes they will, and they'll catch you poking holes in the lattice doors of the idol-room, and they will beat you. You'll be so lame you never could climb the mountain."

"But I'd get my prayer in to Buddha first."

"He'd never hear you without an offering" said the younger brother anxiously watching the devotee's eyes. "He'd be insulted if you offered him this barley, and besides I'm going to eat it now; it is long past dinner time."

Sa Da Rie jerked the lid off the basket and began devouring the food ravenously. Sung Yu Di joined him after while, but his mind was still upon the great gilded god. The longing to look into those far seeing eyes was with him as he followed the trail up the mountain side. His steps dragged slowly after those of the impetuous Sa Da Rie.

The day was far spent when the boys reached the last pass. The trail had narrowed until it was quite lost among the high grasses. Their feet were sore and little Sa Da Rie's sandal had worn a blister upon his heel.

"It must be in the tall grass at the base of these cliffs that the fever plant is found," he said, bravely looking up into his brother's face. "I'm so tired."

"No its not here. Its at the top of those straight rocks."

"But I cannot climb any more, my feet hurt so it makes a pain in my stomach, and I want to lie down and close my eyes and never open

them again. You go up the rocks and I'll stay here until you find the plant."

"I cannot leave you alone," said Sung Yu Di in sudden alarm, as he realized the plight of the brother. "Come, go a little father." He arose and with white lips staggered a few steps.

"I can't—I can't go on. My feet are bleeding and I'd rather die right here."

"You'll die if I leave you here. There are tigers all through these upper ranges and they would swallow a little boy like you without chewing him, fine."

Sa Da Rie buried his head in the cool grass and sobbed softly, "Oh, mother, mother—I wish I were on the floor beside you. I want to die where you do."

Sung Yu Di rubbed his eyes hard to keep back the tears as he leaned down upon the woeful Sa Da Rie.

"You cannot lie there, we must get somewhere before nightfall, brother. I have heard of another trail on the west side of the mountain. I carried you upon my back for three years when you were a baby and I can do it again."

The plucky elder brother arose under his burden and staggered forward. The weight was greater than he had calculated, but he felt his strength gathering under the strain.

The great hexagonal rocks reared their vertical length before him. The boy braced himself in the angle made by two boulders, and put one foot upon a slight projection above. Grasping a splinter of rock almost beyond his reach, he drew his weight now doubled by the burden upon his back, to a broken ledge in the receding cliff. The dead weight of the little brother dropped heavily to the rocky floor. Sung Yu Di caught his breath in gasps, for the encircling arms had pressed deeply into his throat.

"That's one gained" he said, brokenly to the prostrate brother. "There are not many as hard as that."

In spite of his brave words Sung Yu Di's courage failed as he looked at the steep heights above. Would his strength hold out? He looked back over the trail by which they had ascended. Long shadows were creeping up the mountain side and night was near. Night upon Mooden San for two boys was almost sure death to his mind, for tigers lurked perhaps, in the crevices of the very rocks they were climbing. They must reach shelter soon. The boy remembered a story he had heard of a hermit who dwelt near the summit of the mountain, where a tiny spring tumbled down to the depths below. Inwardly strengthened he knelt at the side of Sa Da Rie.

"Up brother, cling to my shoulders and not to my neck this time. Steady now, I cannot hold you and if your hands loosen—" The rock above was gained and one steep height beyond. Nearing the summit of the next, Sung Yu Di turned to speak encouragingly to the brother upon his back, when the little fellow gave a scream, "I'm slipping—I'm slipping, Sung Yu Di." Quickly throwing an arm over a

rocky point, Sung Yu Di braced himself and reached for the brother with the other, but the weight was too great, and the weakened child slipped from his brother's back, wildly grasping at his legs, but going down with sickening rapidity. A horrible faintness held Sung Yu Di, and he shut tight his eyes as he felt the grasp of both little hands loosen. He was afraid to look down and stood as still and colorless as the grey stones behind him. A blackness was before him, and he felt that he too was going down into the abyss below, when the tones of a shrill voice came up to him. "Sung Yu Di, I'm here—I'm not dead, Oh, come down to me."

"Hold tight, brother, you just can't let go. I'm coming."

Like a hunted animal the older brother jumped to the lower ledge with no thought of his own safety, and found his arms around the little body he had thought to see mangled upon the rocks far below. His heart swelled in gratitude, but he knew no personal god and words would not come. Throwing his arms up to the grey rock looming like a living thing above him he gave a dry sob of relief and joy and turned with shining eyes to Sa Ta Rie. "That was mighty close, brother, but you are all right now. There is only this little step between you and death on this side, but on the other you can climb down to the top of that broad rock if you are careful."

The little boy was still trembling but he began a descent where the sharp stones cut his feet cruelly, turning a smile of confidence up to his brother. "Sung Yu Di watched the painful decent, then as he saw him safely reach the flat rock called," "Sit down quietly and wait for me. I am going alone to the top to see if I can find the hermit's house. Don't go away whatever happens, or I might never find you. Sit still and think of your father's grave and pray to the spirits."

Sung Yu Di turned to the rocks above and relieved of the burden upon his back, sprang like deer up the cliff and was soon lost to sight. Sa Da Rie sat down at the base of the cliff and nursed his bleeding feet, while tears stained his dirty little cheeks.

"There's no one to care about us, and when a big striped tiger eats us to-night we won't leave any graves behind us, and I hope he will eat our souls too, and that will be the end," he wailed softly. As he looked at the gathering shadows, a great fear crept over him. "Sung Yu Di says I don't honor the spirits, and that's why, I guess, I am left away up here in this tigery place. But its hard to honor things you have never seen. Pak Su Bang says if you worship and worship a spirit for hours finally he will appear to you and give you a big blessing. I don't care anything about seeing spirits—it would frighten my head loose if one should appear, but something's got to help us or we will never see mother again."

In his distress the Korean boy fell upon his face, and mumbled all the words of spirit worship he knew. Suddenly he heard a noise in the rocks behind him. "They're here," he said to himself in an awe struck whisper, "What will I do now?" Forcing all the courage in his small person he threw himself flat upon the ground and peered around

the great rock. In a moment he drew back and his narrow eyes shone like fire. "It's only one, but its bigger than a man," he gasped, "I never thought I'd get him. And I wish I had'nt, for he will get me now. Oh, Sung Yu Di, where are you, I want you. Why don't you come back."

The terror stricken boy turned to throw himself over the broken rocks, fainting with fear and pain. An azelea bush trembled as a white hand brushed it aside. With a light step an American girl sprang from the screening rocks and smiled into the frightened eyes of the boy. Like a charmed thing the strange apparition held him. "You are the mountain spirit," he cried. "You are almighty and powerful. I am Sa Da Rie, but I can't sacrifice to you. I ate it. I need a great blessing. My mother is ill. Oh make her well."

A laugh arose to the lips of the girl, then with a sob of pity she bent over the form of the prostrate child.

"My boy," she said in Korean, "I am not the mountain spirit of your prayers, but I have come from a great Spirit who sent me here to you with a blessing. Where is your mother?"

"In our house at the foot of the mountains. Sung Yu Di and I could not find the fever medicine. If you have come from the Great Spirit, won't you go to her at once?"

Yes, I'll go and take you with me child. My horse is at the top of the pass," answered the trained nurse of the Kwangju Hospital, "Is this Sung Yu Di," she added, as the older brother descended from the high rock above and stood staring in half comprehending wonder at the stranger so near Sa Da Rie.

The little boy looked up into his brother's face, with a happy smile. "He says the Great Spirit sent him, and he is going down to mother to make her well, and don't blame me for not sacrificing to him—I haven't any food."

"You ignorant!" Exclaimed the older brother, never taking his eyes off the American. "That isn't a spirit, and it isn't a man. Its a foreign woman. Pak Su Bang told me about them. She is a Jesus person, and came from a beautiful land over or under the sea, I don't know which. Pak Su Bang said he wasn't sure whether Jesus lived in that same beautiful land or not, but he thought He did. Its likely she can cure our mother, for Jesus cured every sick person He looked at. I'm going with her—I'm not afraid."

It was a queer procession in that far-away land that wound down the mountain side, in the gathering twilight. Sung Yu Di with his sickle in his belt led the horse, while the foot sore Sa Da Rie leaned back in the saddle against his new found friend. He was very weary and with one soiled little hand securely folded in hers and a tear-furrowed cheek resting on her encircling arm he resigned all consciousness to any spirits of any name that might be hovering near and slept the sleep of the tired child.

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THE LATE MRS. J. B. ROSS.

Preceding the afternoon service on Sunday, Aug. 12th, a Memorial Service to the wife of Dr. J. B. Ross of Wonsan, was held in the newly erected Auditorium on Wonsan Beach.

Dr. W. A. Noble presided. The hymn "How Firm a Foundation" was sung by the congregation, a Scripture portion. Rev. I. 9-18, was read by Rev. L. L. Young and prayer was offered by Rev. J. W. Hitch.

Three of the missionaries who had been most closely associated with Mrs. Ross followed with brief addresses. The first was given by Rev. J. L. Gardine who had known Mrs. Ross before coming to Korea, in her home in Georgia. Mr. Gardine referred to her school and college days before the thought of the foreign field had come upon her heart, and then of her decision for Korea and her appointment by the Board. In the course of his remarks Mr. Gardine said "When I think of Mrs. Ross it occurs to me that if all of us here knew her, words would be inappropriate this afternoon because her life would speak more powerfully than any words we could say. She illustrated in the first place the importance of our being what we ought to be. I was intimately associated with her in the work for a number of years and what stands out in my mind is not anything she did but what she was. I am certain no one here can recall ever hearing her say anything that was unkind nor have they ever seen her giving way to anger. She was ever seeking to save and that stood out in her labors more prominently than any other thing. Mrs. Ross was an efficient worker, viewed from every standpoint, gifted with an unusual degree of common sense; she was also capable in the language and especially so in Bible teaching. Always seeing things in the right proportions many times has she put the true light on a situation and has thus been most helpful to those associated with her. She was truly a woman of prayer. In our station work in those early days we had many times of severe trial and testing and her one way of meeting them was by prayer. Not only did she pray herself but she stimulated others. Both to Koreans and foreigners her memory will be altogether sweet and I am sure no one will recall an incident in her life they would like to forget, truly a precious memory. Her life has been such as to advance the Kingdom of God and bring much blessing to others."

Mr. Gardine also referred to Mrs. Ross' wisdom and zeal in leading difficult and almost impossible cases among the women to Christ, showing her unusual ability as a personal worker.

The second speaker was Mrs. Chas. Collyer who had been Mrs. Ross' first co-worker in Korea. In speaking of her own deep love for Mrs. Ross she referred to the early impressions made upon herself by the strong affection displayed by Mrs. Ross for her step-mother left behind in America. Mrs. Collyer told of how Miss Mary Knowles came to Korea in 1901 when she had been sent to live with her in Wonsan. In

speaking of that first journey to Wonsan she said "in crossing the country by chair we had not provided ourselves with country cots but I could tell by that trip that she was going to be willing to put up with the hardships of this land." She went on to say "we were together only about four years when the Russo-Japanese war broke out and after the summer spent together in Seoul she was sent back to Wonsan alone while I returned to Songdo. There came to her, as to all, times of disappointment and discouragement but her faith in God was so strong that she was able to keep above these things and not let them depress her. If she was depressed she never let the Koreans nor even the foreigners know about it. As she became familiar with the peculiarities of Oriental custom she was willing to greatly restrict her personal liberty in order not to offend Eastern ideas. Her one desire was that the Gospel might be preached to the people and that they might be won for Christ. Many women in Wonsan have been won to a deep faith through her Bible classes and visits among them. There are young people who will rise up to call her blessed. One who is now a teacher in our Girls' School was among those who came under her direct influence and is now, with others, going about to reflect her life among the girls. What she specially desired, had the Lord spared her to return, was that she might help her husband more in his work by visiting in the homes of his patients, hoping thus to extend the evangelistic influence of his medical work. Those of us who knew her will ever remember her tenderness with both natives and missionaries."

At the close of Mrs. Collyer's address Mrs. Ross' favorite hymn, "In the Secret of His Presence" was sung by Miss Ethel MacFahren with great sweetness.

The last speaker Miss L. H. McCully although a member of another Mission, had been a very close friend of Mrs. Ross through her residence in Wonsan. Miss McCully said in part "Had it been my privilege to look upon the face of this dear sister after God had called her to Himself the flower I would have chosen to lay upon her bosom would have been a pure white lily as expressing what her life had always meant to me. I want to speak of Mrs. Ross as a friend, one of the dearest God has ever given me. Of the many occasions when we were together there were few on which we did not talk about Jesus. My feelings this afternoon are mingled. I have much sorrow in my heart as I think of the great loss that has come to me personally, to the Wonsan community and church and to the whole missionary community of Korea, but again I have joy as I think of the privilege that I had in knowing one whose life was, as has been said this afternoon, so wholly yielded up to God. Her life has been truly a "sweet savor of Christ unto God." From the very first we had specially sweet fellowship in the Lord. I have been thinking of her so much in connection with this Bible Conference and it seemed peculiarly touching that the news of her home going should have come just now when we were thus gathered together. I have a thought that those who are called away to be with Jesus still have the ministry of intercession and I believe that this dear sister who prayed so earnestly

while here with us may still be interceding for this Conference. She once told me that before she was actively engaged in the work she spent her Sunday afternoons in prayer for the workers, and the Wonsan missionaries have testified how large a factor her prayers had been in preparing the hearts of the missionaries for the great Wonsan Revival of 1905-6. She was so filled with Jesus Christ that it was a benediction to be with her. She often told me how God had been laying the future of the Wonsan Bible Conference on her heart and how she was praying that God would make it a real Keswick for the East, a place where God would specially pour out His Holy Spirit upon missionary workers. I believe her prayers have brought down much of what we are now enjoying on Wonsan Beach in our Conference days."

After Miss McCully's remarks Dr. Noble on behalf of the Wonsan Beach Association and Bible Conference presented the following resolution to be forwarded to Dr. Ross as an expression of their deep sympathy :—

TO DR. J. B. ROSS FROM THE WONSAN BEACH ASSOCIATION AND
THE WONSAN BIBLE CONFERENCE, AUGUST 12, 1917.

Whereas, Mrs. J. B. Ross, who for 16 years was a missionary in Wonsan, has been called to her reward leaving a bereaved family and many sorrowing friends, and,

Whereas, during her life in Wonsan she contributed largely, not only to the success of the Church, but also, by her consecrated life and direct activities was a leading force in establishing and maintaining the Annual Bible Conference of Wonsan, which had so great an influence in promoting the national and international revival of 1905-7, and,

Whereas, we the members of the Wonsan Beach Association of which she was a member, and members of the Wonsan Beach Bible Conference and also the Wonsan Missionary Community, feel this loss as a personal deep sorrow,—

Resolved ;—that we express our profound sympathy to Dr. Ross and other members of the bereaved family and assure them of our earnest prayers that God's sustaining arm may be beneath them in these days of sorrow ; and further that we state the fact of our faith that the influence of her life and labors in Korea will continue through the years to the salvation of this people.

THE PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The Sixth General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Chosen was held in the Seung Dong Presbyterian Church, Seoul. Saturday evening, Sept. 1st, the officers of the Assembly were Chosen, Rev. S. J. Han of Masanpo was made moderator and Rev. S. H. Hong of Taiku vice Moderator, and Rev. T. N. Chang of Wi Ju was made Clerk. Out

of the 195 members of the Assembly, 76 were ordained Korean pastors, 76 Korean elders, and 43 were Missionaries,—the representatives of the American North and South Mission's and the Canadian and Australian Missions. The statesman's report showed that the Assembly represented a united Presbyterian Church of Chosen of 150 Pastors; 620 elders; 340 fully organized and 1,659 partially organized churches, 61,618 Communicant members, and a total of 149,640 adherents.

The affairs of the Presbyterian Korean Mission to Shantung, China, took a large part of the time of the Assembly. The whole Assembly was encouraged by the reports of the Mission Board and of Rev. H. W. Pang who came especially from China to present the needs of the work to the Assembly. Much concern had been felt lest the quitting of the Shantung work by two of the former missionaries because their financial requests were not granted, might mean the end of the work there. But the reports showed that the large group in Naiyang had not been injured by their leaving. When Rev. T. R. Pak, the original founder of the mission, sick in body but determined in heart that the work should go on, went back with reinforcements, he was received like an apostle of the early church. It seems wonderful the high place that is actually accorded to these Korean men by the Chinese, who look up to them as their teachers and apostles. Much interest was aroused by the request of the Mission Board that Rev. S. H. Hong of Taiku be appointed by the Assembly to go to China as a missionary. The request was approved and Mr. Hong who is one of the most prominent leaders of the church is now preparing to go into this new life work. The endeavors of the Korean missionaries to into Chinese territory the same kind of a church life with its high ideals concerning preachings, giving, sabbath observance and temperance as they have grown to love in their own land, is encouraging. The whole church was called to new prayer and effort to make this Shantung mission a success and a blessing.

Another matter of general interest was the action of the Assembly upon the proposed federation of the Korean Presbyterian and Methodist Churches. The Committee in charge of the matter brought in a favorable report, suggesting a tentative constitution for a Federal Council to consist of forty members, twenty Presbyterian and twenty Methodist. The Assembly approved the report, adopted the constitution for one year, and elected twenty of its members to represent it upon the Federal Council. It is hoped that this new body may lead to closer fellowship, and union in much general church work. It will probably guarantee the preservation of former comity arrangements and division of territory. If gradually the hearts of the two denominations so incline, it may be the fit institution to enable the Koreans to form the one Korean Evangelical Church towards which so much prayer and effort have been directed since 1905 when the Missionaries of Korea formed their General Council.

The work among the Manchurian Churches came in for large study and attention. One evening was given up to reports from the Korean Home Missionaries working there. The Northern Presbyterian Mission is planning a new station in the heart of this Manchurian work and Rev.

and Mrs. T. S. Soltau and Rev. and Mrs. W. T. Cook have been assigned to the work.

The regular committees all had a part in the work of the Assembly. Their reports were full of interest especially to those in vital contact with the problems of this great and aggressive church. The business like and lawful way in which the Korean officials of the Assembly were able to handle the important affairs of so large a body of insistent delegates, gives promise of a bright future for this the ruling body of the Presbyterian Church of Korea.

H. E. BLAIR.

THE SCHOOL BELL CALLS.

This is the season when, in America, the sound of the school bell is heard in the land and every magazine cover blossoms forth with the pig-tailed girl and the bare foot boy toiling up the hill to the little red school house.

Some college professor has said that one may organize a first rate college with a log held down at either end by a pupil and a teacher, respectively. You may take the word of a school ma'am that only two things are absolutely essential for a primary or grammar school; a school bell and examinations. Contrary to popular opinion, the bell is the bane of a teacher's life and the joy of a scholar's heart. One may bribe the most obstreperous boy or reward the most angelic child by allowing him to clang forth the summons to toil to his fellow sufferers. To steal away from the baseball game, clang the bell, and turn to meet the coming onslaught shrieking "Nigger baby. Nigger baby!" at the last one to plunge in at the school gate, is the height of joy. Just why the school ma'am should dislike it so, I cannot say, for it is her one symbol of power. Perhaps because it is a symbol of indoors, books, desks, and boards, and she longs for the time when lessons can be learned and taught out of doors.

Examinations are a terror to both pupils and teacher but to the fond parent a great joy. Toil and sweat and groans are in the preparation and writing; groans and sweat and toil in the correcting and grading; but what happiness to father and mother to have these concrete, "sum totals" of knowledge with their A's, E's, and G's tucked away in a top drawer or sent to the folks back home to show that even in Korea children may know their R's as well as their P's and Q's.

What does it matter if we learn that, "the Philipian Islands and Indigo China are South of Asia" or that "Doctors give interjections of serum" or that "Sockjaw is caused by the tetanus worm"?

With a school bell as a beginning and examinations to follow one may have a school anywhere.

Here in Korea during the past year we have had at least half a dozen schools where children of two or more families and one or more

teachers have answered the call of the school bell—and of family schools where children have learned to love knowledge and to seek it, there are more than we can easily count.

Our little schools are often called missionary training schools. I wonder how many of us know as much as we should about the schools and whether they are really good training schools. Do we know as much about our little American and British Schools as we do about the Korean? One school visitors' register shows the names of over a hundred visitors during 1916-17. Of these nearly eighty are Japanese and about half the remainder tourists. Don't judge a school by its monthly report cards.

We are apt to accept two things as foregone conclusions: first, that in their pupils, the teachers of missionary children have unusually good material with which to work, and second, that being so far from home we cannot hope that our children shall get the most efficient schooling. We rather think we must be satisfied if their training is merely good. The last conclusion is as untrue as the first is true. We have sent children home to school in East, West, and Middle States and so far as I can learn not one has been conditioned.

Our Seoul and Pyengyang schools follow the New York system. In Pyengyang in the upper grades Regent's examinations were given this year. Six pupils took the Regent's examinations and passed them; four of them getting a standing of over ninety in each subject.

If we could look into the past year's record of all the boys and girls who once went to our schools in Korea and are now in America I believe we would find not one had lost by their study here. Though our beginnings in books and equipment were small the lessons have been learned and the minds have developed.

Some of our boys and girls are already back in Korea at work and we know that more are coming in the next few years. We do not decide just what life work we intend to take up, at the advanced age of twelve or fourteen, but I am sure the germs of growing desire are then in our hearts. When the year of decision does come and we enter upon the life work we look back and say, "This is what I always wanted to do." So I believe our schools by their presence alone, have helped, are helping to make decisions for Christ and His work. Fathers and mothers can keep the children near to them so much longer since we have schools. Though the schools were not the best, the influence of home would far outweigh any advantage gained by sending the little ones far away to study. When home, and schools, and playmates, are working together, as they are here, in Christ, we can train boys and girls in whom we can always have joy.

Our schools are really missionary training schools in a second way. Five former teachers are now missionary wives, one is a missionary, and for those who are now teaching the mission work has an insistent call. The life of the missionary family, the great need of the Koreans, the joy of the work and the knowledge of God's presence in it, exert an ever present tug on the hearts of both children and teachers.

Our schools are good in proportion as they help to make possible

the answer to the call to His service in the life of each pupil, sometime, somewhere.

Look at our boys and girls at home and in Korea! are they doing His Service, answering His call day by day? If they are, let us be thankful that our schools have been made a reality, that our boys and girls may be at home till their purposes are fixed and their lives His.

F. S. M.

"SOMEWHERE IN KOREA."

V.

(Continued.)

Whether the donkey was overtired from his many crossings of the stream, or whether the weight of his load together with the insecure fastening on of the same made him provoked beyond endurance, I do not know, but when he got to the deepest water, he stopped, gave an angry bray, and lay down—with Sir Semi-T on the under side. The beast of burden, having thus disposed of his burden, rose calmly up, came out and shook himself on the bank. Not so Semi-T. He got up, it is true, but he was anything but calm, and I guess he floated out. It is American custom to laugh when something funny occurs, so we all burst out into uncontrollable roars, but the Koreans looked on open mouthed and solemn. I don't know which made S-T the angrier—our merriment, or the natives' solemnity, but he was one hornet, and he didn't get soothed down quickly. He didn't see what fun we got out of all this, and he couldn't understand why we came to such a country anyway. But he guessed America was worse, perhaps this latter from the fact that as we marched up the track again, Two-Years, I believe it was, began to tell how this downpour was nothing to what he had seen in Iowa, where it seemed that the rain poured down in such torrents that everyone kept boats on hand to strike out in on a moment's notice. However, I told S-T that we Americans were not always literal, and *maybe* Two Years was a little over optimistic.

It continued to rain, not harder, for that was impossible outside of Iowa, but enough to make us all rather downcast. It was after twelve, the village was not hoving in sight, and the effects of Semi-T's tumble on us were beginning to wear off, though that did not seem to put him in any the better humor. We crossed another stream on a real bridge, then we came to our third. As we approached it looked all right, but on coming up close we found everything gone except the rails and ties, there was no support beneath them. Nor were the ties any too close together, and through the huge cracks could be seen only too clearly the foaming water far below, which fact tended to make one more or less dizzy. T-W suggested that Sir S-T go over first, and if it held him we need have no fear, but S-T was disinclined to agree, and was rather disagreeable at the suggestion. It might be all right for a missionary to

have a sense of humor, it was probably necessary since he had to live under such conditions, but it was not necessary for a tourist to have any, and he intended to be the victim of no joke. Well, his services were not absolutely necessary, so we crawled over one by one with many skakings and much fear and trembling, but safely, and he was still on the other side, nor was the bridge able to stand much more, for one tie had slipped down already. F-Y suggested that he try the donkey again, but not aloud, and finally the coolie, who had gone off, came back with a pole which made the passage a little less hair-raising, and with the help of the pole, S-T at last landed safely on the right side.

Before we even reached the village we had various other amusing adventures, but only small in comparison. There we did get food, and left Semi-T to the tender mercies of an inn keeper, though we invited him over to Annual Meeting. It was still raining when we left for the mission station, but it slacked up in a day or two, enough for S-T to get on his way. We had few hardships getting over to our destination, but before Annual Meeting was over still harder rains—proving that even in Iowa it was not worse—landed on us and the country was flooded, so that our going home was like unto our coming out—rain, rain, rain.

During the summer I had to stick pretty close at home and wipe the mold off of books and chairs, air clothes whenever we had a few minutes sun—for old Sol did show his face occasionally, and mend leaks. Old timers came in and told us they had never seen such a season, but they had also told us the summer before that so much clear weather was most unusual, and we had to take our facts by experience. Sometimes when we would have to days in succession in which the sun shone, someone would be sure to say how glad he was that the rain was over, and then the next day it would begin to pour as if it have never thought of such a thing before, and all hope was gone.

As I write these words it is late fall of this same year. The pat, pat, pat of the water as it drips off the eaves of my house raises remembrances of spring, and summer, and autumn, their damp, and mold, and rain. But as I look through the window at the steady downpour, I take comfort and console myself with the thought that there are two seasons here in Korea, this season we are having at present and—the rainy season.

“N. Y. F.” KOREA.

SORAI BEACH—SEASON OF 1917.

It has been said that Sorai Beach is like a dream between two night-mares, and even though it is sometimes, the dream is enough to over-balance the two night-mares. This year, though there have been several rough trips, has seen crowds come in who were almost reluctant to leave the boat, so smooth was the water and so beautiful the scenery on the way. But when once here, one is fully repaid by all the attractions that are around us.

One of the best attractions to my mind is the perfect freedom to be enjoyed. If the visitor desires to have a quiet restful time, and keep to his thoughts and his books, if he would have tennis or other forms of exercise, if he would study the language, if he would devote his time to spiritual exercise, if he would play rook, it is all here and he only has to make up his mind what he wants to do. What is a summer resort if it is not a place to do what you think will be most restful to your mind and body? As to reading a Sorai Library has been started, which next year will be transferred to the new Auditorium. The woods afford an excellent and roomy place where one can be free from interruptions. Tennis has been coming more and more into popularity, and upon the arrival of Mr. Smith it has reached its height. A play-ground has been fixed up for the children and every day the mothers have been freed from the care of the little ones by the playground committee which appoints someone to take charge of the children. A most helpful series of meetings was led in the tent for one week by Dr. Swallen, in which the motto of the Princeton Conference was taken, "Victory in Christ." From that Conference has sprung a greater desire for that life, and there followed another smaller conference in which were brought forward ways to keep that Victorious Life (all taken from the Bible). Mr. Heslop has not only been an example but a help to many. Three language classes have been formed and enthusiastically attended for the last three weeks. The instructors were Messrs. Cable, Bernheisel, and Clark. One hour a day has been devoted to language study, which gives to those who are studying with a native teacher the opportunity of instruction under a foreigner. They were most successful and we owe them lasting gratitude. Miss Hess has won the gratitude of the community for her unselfishness of time and trouble in hiring her motor-boat to visit the islands and taking moon-light rides. Many had the pleasure of a delightful trip which otherwise they would not have had.

On the Kumipo side of the Bluff, in the clay, there has been bored a hole about eight feet deep, and a fresh water spring discovered. The water is very cold and promises to solve the water problem.

Less trouble and difficulty has been experienced this year than ever before, and no one has a complaint to make against Sorai. Vegetables have been abundant, being supplied from the private gardens and from the Company gardens, and several times a beef has been killed, followed by "Gunabies," and the best of roasts. Fruit has been plentiful, Steward is on the job, and all has been as fine as any house-keeper could wish.

That great literary organ, the SORAI BLOW, has been doing some tall blowing, thereby keeping up its former reputation. Read it and see for yourself.

The friendly feeling, the association with fine people, the frequent Clam Chowders, the Bible Meetings, the Bathing, the song services on the point, the freedom, the separation from the cities and the work, all join to make the words of the Sorai poetess, Mrs. F. H. Smith, very true,—*"All thy children love thee."*

SORAI BY THE SEA.

On the coast of Asia, 'gainst the mighty ocean,
Lies a place of beauty, strangely fair and bright,
With the morning sunshine gleaming on her mountains,
And her glades rejoicing, in the Orient light.
Clad in peaceful silence, wrapped in reatful dreaming
Full of sweetest memories, Sorai by the sea.

Refrain; Sorai by the sea, Sorai by the sea,
All thy children love thee, Sorai by the sea.

Far from hum of cities, and from life's distractions,
Spread thy sands so golden, shine thy skies so blue.
Lapped by sparkling wavelets, bound by vast horizons,
Stand thy cliffs majestic, drenched in evening dew.
With the stars above thee, with thy zephyrs lovely—
All thy children love thee, Sorai by the sea.

Refrain; Sorai by the sea, Sorai by the sea,
All thy children love thee, Sorai by the sea.

J. BOLLING REYNOLDS.

THE SUMMER SEASON AT WONSAN BEACH.

Wonsan Beach has had another successful season. This was the third season, and the members of the Beach Association feel that the experimental stage in the history of the resort has been well passed, and that we are now at the beginning of extensive development.

The past season at Wonsan Beach was a successful one from every point of view. The auditorium, planned the previous season, was ready for use when the first visitors came. It was first used by the Canadian Presbyterian Mission for its Annual Meeting. That successful meeting demonstrated the value of the beach as a place of assembly. I am sure that the gathering together of the members of that Mission twice daily in the cooling waters of the surf was a great aid to their clear thinking when the meetings in the auditorium took place. Later this building was used for the language school, for the Bible conference, for the regular Friday night entertainments, and for religious services both for missionaries and Koreans. The building committee, in its wisdom, realizing that this building might be used for such games as volley ball, basket ball, etc., saw to it that the floor was made extra strong to stand the strain. Almost every day, during the Summer, the auditorium was used for volley ball, and many a hard fought battle took place under its roof.

The Summer climate at Wonsan Beach is so delightfully bracing that one feels like turning off lots of work, but we insisted on setting apart the afternoons from four to six for recreation through base ball and volley ball.

The Friday evening entertainments at Wonsan Beach are a great feature of the Summer there. This year every one was a great success. The talent of the resort was brought into requisition, and the result was a series of entertainments consisting of music, readings, stunts by Mr. Gregg, and a minstrel show in which *the* feature was Mr. Scott's horn-pipe dance and Highland fling.

One of the most enjoyable recreations of the summer was that of boating. The fishing parties leaving the beach at early dawn for Snake Island to take advantage of the early morning catch were enjoyed by those who had courage enough to rise at four-thirty. The catch by these fishermen would by no means bear close inspection, for generally the fish were so small. Anyhow, it was great fun, and that was what the parties wanted.

The language school has become a permanent thing at Wonsan Beach. This year there were about forty in attendance, and some good, hard work was done on both Korean and Japanese. The committee and faculty after two years of experience have learned some things about the needs of the school for the future, and a course of study for next year has already been arranged. This is far better than anything offered heretofore.

The Bible Conference, which is a permanent institution of the season at Wonsan, was also a great success this year. The general subject was: "Fellowship with Christ." A more fitting subject for study at this time could hardly have been chosen. Rev. John Thomas gave us one hour daily on the general subject of the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. His talks were in line with the subject of the conference, and were most instructive and helpful. A sermon was preached each day by someone on a phase of the general subject. An especially helpful feature of the conference was the series of informal prayer-meetings held every evening during the conference. These meetings served to crystalize the impressions of the morning meetings. Several brethren came into the definite experience of the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and I think that every one who attended the conference received a definite Spiritual blessing. In addition to the meetings for the missionaries a series of services for the Korean helpers and servants was held, in which the presence of the Holy Spirit was manifest also.

Wonsan Beach has a great future. It seems destined to become one of the favorite resorts for the Far East. Three years ago there was not a house on the beach; two were built the first season, fourteen the second, and this year ten new buildings went up. Next year gives promise of being the great building year of the resort, and probably not less than twenty new houses will go up. A hotel with accommodation for a considerable number of guests has been planned and the money subscribed therefor.

The Beach Association is constructing good roads; a motor-boat for use on the sea, and for trips to the city of Wonsan seems to be a certainty for next year; and a motor service between the beach and the railway station will probably be arranged.

M. B. STOKES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Berkeley, California,
Aug. 3rd, 1917.

Dear Mr. DE CAMP:

Three weeks from to-morrow we expect to sail from San Francisco for Korea.

It has been my privilege recently to attend one of the Conferences of The Missionary Educational Movement which was held at Asilomar, California. It is the policy of the different Boards to encourage their returned missionaries to attend one of these Conferences, and I feel that they cannot go to any gathering that will be more profitable. The scope of these Conferences is broad, embracing both Home and foreign fields, and the teaching is done by experts, both in knowledge and pedagogical ability. The aim is to fit these who attend with the ability to instruct the church, and arouse her to action. Serious study is expected of those who register but this becomes a delight. If any of the Korean Missionaries who expect to be in America in 1918 will plan to attend one of these Conferences they will feel amply repaid for so doing. The text books of this Movement should be studied by every missionary. To do so will prevent our becoming provincial, and enable us to have a horizon embracing the world.

Kind regards. Cordially yours,

C. D. MORRIS.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Donald and Margaret, twin children of Rev. and Mrs. E. W. Koons, were born at Seoul the 23rd of August, 1917.

Janie Christine was born to Rev. and Mrs. W. M. Clark, of Chunju, August 9th, 1917.

Rev. and Mrs. W. T. Cook, of Chungju, arrived in Korea from furlough, August 18th, 1917. In the same month we welcomed Rev. H. M. Bruen and family, of Taiku, returned from furlough.

Miss J. M. Rehrer, R. N. from Mifflinburg, Pa. was welcomed in Korea about the middle of August where she had come to help meet the crying need of trained nurses. Miss Rehrer proceeded, a little later, to Kangkei to which point she has been assigned.

Miss Switzer spent a delightful vacation in Karuizawa, and Miss Pollard did the same at Wonsan Beach.

Mr. R. O. Reiner who visited Sorai Beach in July was prostrated soon after arrival with dysentery. This disorder was corrected but being left in a weak condition Dr. Mills ordered that he indulge the "rest cure" for two months. He spent the time of respite at Sorai Beach.

Bishop Welch of the Methodist Church left Seoul for the United States, September 26th.

Mrs. Mary S. Stewart, M.D., Director of the East Gate Hospital for Women, left September 14th on her way home to America on furlough. She was to have obtained her furlough one and a half years ago, but as there was none to relieve her, Dr. Stewart generously continued her services until the present time.

Mrs. Gillis, mother of Mr. A. W. Gillis of the Union College at Pyengyang, and Miss Rosa Raabe of Chemulpo also left with Dr. Stewart. The party took the steamer *Ecuador* at Kobe on the 18th inst. and sailed from Yokohama for San Francisco on the 21st.

We deeply regret to inform our readers of the nervous breakdown of Mrs. W. A. Venable of Kunsan and that her disorder takes the form of melancholia. All Christian friends, in response to the husband's wish, will be glad to bear her up in prayer and also the husband and the little son and daughter, that God's will may be done and the needs of the family may be fully met. That such faith may be vouchsafed to intercessors that the sufferer may be restored to health, the family reunited and that mourning shall give place to joy.

We quote in part from a letter written us on the 31st of August.—"We have engaged passage on the *Empress of Russia* sailing from Yokohama, Sept. 8th. Miss Matthews, our Kwangju trained nurse will accompany us, and the children will be left with friends here. We will go direct to Battle Creek Sanitarium, and after seeing my wife safely settled there or elsewhere where she will be well cared for, as I would be able to do nothing for her there, I expect to return and live with the children at Kwangju, and try to fill Mr. Talmage's place until his return from furlough next year. I would deeply appreciate the prayers of all our friends on my wife's behalf, and also for a divided family, as we will be separated according to the plans outlined above.

I hope to be back in about two months.

Sincerely and gratefully yours,

W. A. VENABLE,

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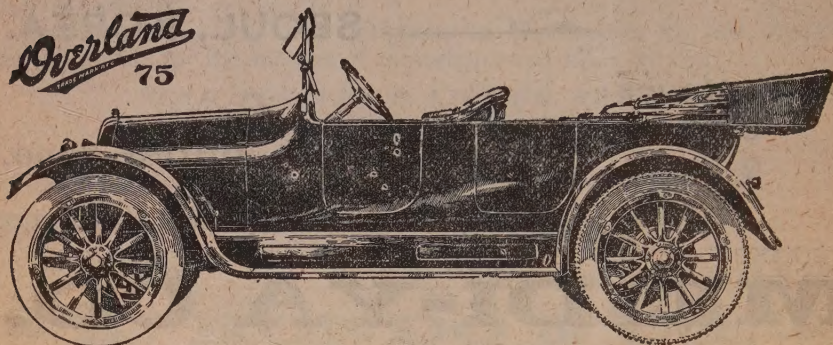
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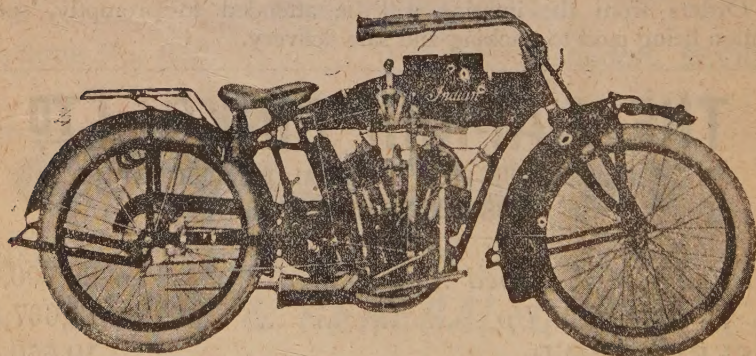
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